

### Maestro Insana Goes West I

It was a bad day at Blackhawk, the old Indian Trail along the Rock River, first stop from Chicago on a gray morning. A concrete chieftain Watched us from the hillside across the river As the thermos came out, hot coffee and brownies, And the Maestro sat on a picnic table staring At the river and chewing slowly -- his plate was Loose. When the wind was wrong a sweet sick Smell of decaying food drifted from a rusted Trash barrel. A popsicle stick (with wrapper) Floated by and empty beer cans edged the bank.

### Maestro Insana Goes West II

Expresswaying through flat farmlands of Iowa In dead green monotony, we paused momentarily To stuff down a hamburger at Victorian Inn In Victor, town of. These corn-bred people Are not too fabulously original at names. The food was bad and the gas from the Adjoining station the same, the car choking On it as we hurriedly went our long straight Way. Even the cornstalks popping through The ground seemed very disappointed in Having come up where they had.

### Maestro Insana Goes West III

Fagged after watching 800 miles of Interstate Sliding by we lulled in the Sunset Motel with The stockyard smells drifting in the windows Of this thick Omaha night. Finally we picked Up our bodies and walked them across the road To Cliff's Chicken House, a magnificent house To be in if you are a chicken. Omaha's finest. Some old farmer had knocked out a wall and Put in a few tables on the ground floor. Patrons Knocked each other down to get their Friday Catfish fries or Cliff's personal chicken at \$1.75. The Maestro wore black suitcoat, levis, and plaid Shirt and most mistook him for a regular.